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F A I T H :

A Poem, in Three Parts.

BY REV. JOHN M. LEAVITT.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE subject of this poem was suggested a few years since to the author during the preparation of a sermon. He formed his plan, and commenced turning his thoughts into verse without the slightest view to publication. Interrupted, however, by the duties of his vocation, his progress was not encouraging. At last his health was wrecked, and he was cast amid kind friends, freed from domestic and ministerial cares, and surrounded by scenes to delight the eye and inspire the soul. This poem became the companion of his solitary hours. It assumed its present form, and, prompted

by the opinion of many literary friends, he ventures to give it to the public.

But I hear it said, "Has not Faith been the subject of sermons and essays for thousands of years? is it not fully unfolded in the word of God? is it not there illustrated by poetry, history, biography, parable, epistle—by all the demonstrations of reason and the colors of fancy?" I answer, perhaps the subject has never been presented in the present *form*. Again: God would have us active; he is pleased when we search his oracles and bring forth thoughts which have the color and impress of our own individuality. Besides, such is human nature, that some are attracted by the dim twinkle of a star, who overlook the bright glories of a sun.

Analysis.

Introduction—Address to Faith—Invocation—Faith, related to the spiritual world as electricity to the natural—Is the basis of the filial and nuptial relations—Binds together the race, thus leading to trust in God—Faith in self essential to success, illustrated in Columbus, Newton, Washington—Faith superior in influence to Hope—Distrust in man a source of misery—How much more distrust in God—Losing faith, the angels and Adam fell—What is the remedy for man's ruin?—Angels can not answer—Yet it was shadowed to Moses—Salvation traced to the first promise in Eden—Gradually unfolded, till Christ appears—Man can not receive it without the Spirit—His unbelief as evinced by the history of the Jews, especially in the rejection of Christ crucified and risen—The Holy Spirit the sole remedy for unbelief—Its descent at Pentecost.

PART I.

General Subject.

FAITH.

WHAT curious bosom never throbbed to roll
Mysterious darkness from the burden'd soul?
Who would not tear his being's vail away,
And burst at once into the realms of day?
Who, who glows not with ardent wish to find,
Where tend the restless energies of mind;
Where point the burning passions and desires
That hide in every breast their wasting fires?

Exulting Faith! from past oblivion rise,
Expand thy starry pinions for the skies;
Let Love and Hope soar with thee from the plain,
And with bright triumph swell thy glittering train;
Ascend yon summit towering in the air,
And with thy voice wake mortals from despair;
In accents loud as angel-trumpets blow,
Cry, "Faith alone the path of life can show;

Her balm can heal, her hand from ruin save,
Her torch dispel the darkness of the grave."

Descending Spirit! now her power display,
O, pour upon my theme the light of day;
Paint with thy hues Faith linking man to man,
And man to God in mercy's matchless plan.

What strong attraction with its kindly force
Retains the rolling planets in their course?
What all-pervading principle can cause
The atom-armies to obey their laws?
True as the heavenward yearnings of the soul,
What makes the needle tremble to the pole?
What robes in flames the radiant King of day,
And twinkles in each star with milder ray?
Or, tell what power invisible can bind
Insentient matter to immortal mind?
Lo! Science points, where, flashing o'er yon sky,
With frantic joy the vivid lightnings fly:
"In that dark cloud," with triumph hear her tell,
"Where tempests sleep, and gathering thunders
 dwell,

Its fire-girt throne, th' electric influence reigns,
Which binds creation in its mystic chains."
Thus in the spirit-world, with sov'reign sway,
Faith rules, and calls its energies in play,
Over the unseen empire has control,
Explains, pervades, and regulates the whole.

Offspring of pain! what penetrates my ear,
And from its mystic fountain starts the tear?
'Tis the sharp cry which nature prompts to show,
A birth of anguish to this scene of woe;
Stoop now intent—with gentler breathings trace
The pleading features of that infant face,
And lo, what fond solitudes arise
To touch the heart, and moisten in the eyes!
What kindly fount shall skill Divine provide
Thro' that young form to pour Life's gushing
 tide?
What whispering voice shall soothe the sufferer's
 cries,
When merciless Disease his torture plies?
And who at morn, at eve, shall watch that bed
To wake the smile of Heav'n upon his head?

A mother's love with angel glance appears,
To guard its trust, and dissipate our fears.

Beneath the angry frown of winter skies
Yon garden now a dreary ruin lies;
No smiling flowers adorn the frozen ground,
No scented breezes waft their fragrance round,
But wither'd stalks, and limbs without a leaf,
Sigh to the whistling winds their hapless grief.
Now, now sweet spring returns with balmy breath,
Life smiles away the chilling blight of death;
Joyful the rose exalts its blushing head,
The glittering stream glides murmuring o'er its bed,
Curls forth the vine to meet the genial ray,
And clustering blossoms flush from every spray,
While grassy walks, and trees of pleasing green
Throw charming freshness o'er the varied scene.
When thus, as circling seasons onward roll,
Bursts forth the slumbering garden of the soul,
Awake, paternal care! awake! design'd
To check the wildness of that budding mind;
Let its bright blossoms to thy ray unfold,
Guard those maturing fruits, more rich than gold,

And train each power in youth's propitious time;
To flower immortal in a nobler clime.

On yonder hill my roving gaze descries
In simple majesty a mansion rise.
What spreads the charm of tranquil beauty round
To make the pleasing spot seem hallow'd ground?
'Tis not the trees whose waving branches throw
Their glancing shadows o'er the lawns below;
'Tis not the level'd walks whose opening flowers
Invite the dripping freshness of the showers;
'Tis not the power that fascinates in art,
Thus stealing from those walls subdues my heart.
Behold the spell! Love's angel hovering near
Drops from his wings his gentle influence here,
And in that happy home an altar builds
Whose sacred flame each rising prospect gilds.

But turn again; in sorrow now survey
Where brightening joys with gladness crown'd
each day.

Tell, tell what spreads around this mournful gloom
Dark as the shadows of the silent tomb?

There wretched bosoms, now of Faith bereft,
To all the pangs of jealousy are left,
While Love departs, and raging storm behind
The hellish passions of a guilty mind.

Turn where we may the curious eye surveys,
Thro' the wide labyrinths of the social maze,
From the lone hut where squalid misery pines,
To where in pride the towering palace shines;
From the drear isle where rude barbarians dwell,
To lands where Science breathes her magic spell,
Each living link throughout the endless round
To all the rest mysteriously bound,
While the whole wondrous chain depends alone
Upon a central power in God's eternal throne.

Thus trust in others from our infant breath
Thro' all life's sorrows to the shades of death,
Binds man to man, forms ties of sacred love,
And points the way to Faith in heav'n above.

Faith, too, in self, inspiring calm repose,
Which in the breast of modest genius glows,

Alone can fire the daring soul for flight
Beyond the clouds which veil the fields of light;
Let dark Distrust enjoy her shadowy reign,
Let fears of failure haunt the troubled brain,
The arm will lose its force, the mind its fire,
And every lofty scheme in night expire;
When dangers scowl, when penury's chill frown
Palsies the heart, and weighs the spirit down,
When withering scorn, the jeer of silly mirth,
Would drag the bold adventurer back to earth,
O'er doubts triumphant, and by sneers unaw'd,
Then let him lift his tearful eye to God,
On Faith's exulting pinions nobly rise,
And claim a kindred with his native skies.

See bold Columbus spread his venturous sail
Where mountain-billows sweep before the gale!
Ye lightnings, clouds, and tempests, all in vain
Ye flash, and scowl, and rage upon the main.
Though air, sea, sky mix in the furious strife,
And bloody Murder whets his cruel knife,
With soul serene, erect his lofty form,
He towers an Atlas thro' the roaring storm.

While horrid dangers thus around him spread,
Faith sheds her awful brightness round his head.
Onward! he cries; God smiles upon the brave;
No tempests now disturb the sleeping wave,
And soon with raptured glance his eyes explore
The misty outlines of the distant shore.

Celestial Faith! thy guardian hand appears
And points great Newton to yon wheeling spheres;
A halo binds around his brow serene,
As he surveys the glittering, starry scene,
Darts his keen eye thro' the wide realms of space,
And takes creation in his mind's embrace.

Upon the battle-cloud, amid the storm,
I see thy gracious glance and hovering form.
While Britain's lion roars in proud disdain,
And bloody footprints mark the snowy plain;
While low-brow'd Treason hides with specious smiles
His villain heart, and plans his secret wiles;
While Disaffection murmurs thro' the land,
Chills Freedom's heart, and withers Freedom's
hand;

While patriots groan; while shrieking Hope takes
flight

To leave the world in an eternal night,
From heav'n I hear thy soul-inspiring cry,
"Fight on, ye brave! your cause shall never die!"
From thy bright realms I see thee bring relief,
And bend thy footsteps toward our matchless
chief,
Bid him 'mid darkest perils stand unaw'd,
And trust his country to his country's God.

Illustrious Hope! with brighten'd glance my eye
Beholds thy glittering pinions on the sky;
And lo! I mark thy graceful image where
Yon sorrowing genius sinks into despair.
'Tis thine, indeed, to bid the shades depart
Which cloud his brow, and agonize his heart;
'Tis thine with glowing pictures to inflame
His quenchless ardors for the wreath of fame;
'Tis thine the future's curtain to unroll,
And pour its glories on the hero's soul;
But soon thy painted visions fade away,
Like morning vapors in the brightening day.

Unless, with steadier eye, and nobler mien,
High on her throne majestic Faith is seen.

Mark the poor wretch whose jealous mind can
trace

The villain's stamp in every mortal face!
With envy torn, to dark distrust a prey,
He scowls alone his suffering life away;
Vile Unbelief, that root of every sin,
Soon wounds his peace, and poisons all within,
Broods in foul darkness o'er his mental eye,
And shuts out God from air, and earth, and
sky.

For him no glowing wild flower of the vale
Expands its bloom, and scents the kissing gale.
Warm'd by his look, for him no birds agree
To wake their morning carols on the tree,
Nor 'mid the glittering watchers of the night
Reveals one gentle star its guardian light;
For him no face of beauty wears a smile
To chase his gloom, and life's keen pangs beguile
Nor hand, nor voice, nor glance for him impart
The priceless fondness of a friendly heart;

For him no home with fireside pleasures blest
Fills with serenest peace his troubled breast;
And no loved country's griefs or joys excite
One thrill of pain, one rapture of delight;
Instead thro' all creation's wide domains,
One blank, unbroken desolation reigns.
Of Faith in God and man bereft, the slave
Thro' this dark life creeps to a darker grave;
This all his hope, that when the worms consume
His loathsome body in its dreary tomb,
His wretched spirit, sinking into rest,
Shall with eternal nothingness be blest.

Distrust in man, the being of an hour,
Frail as the bloom which crimsons on the flower,
Light as yon cloud careering o'er the eye,
While wild tornadoes drive along the sky,
Starts in the bosom thus a thousand woes,
And over life despairing darkness throws;
Sad then his rebel state who can not trust
In the great Power who spoke him from the dust,
And 'mid the splendors of a burning throne
Rules o'er his subject universe alone.

This state is man's, to this the angels fell,
And from their native glory sunk to hell.

Yes! hark! what thunders roll along the plains,
Where, clothed in light, the great Jehovah reigns!
How leap the lightnings of his fury where
Unbroken peace has ruled the tranquil air!
Behold, while flames, and clouds, and storms are
seen

Upon the spotless blue of heaven's serene,
The awful Son, with terrors round his head,
Appears to fill those blissful realms with dread!
Why, why with anger burning in his eye,
Rides he in wrath upon the trembling sky?
Why, why with vengeful fires and tortures driven
Rush those swift angels to the brink of heav'n?
For broken Faith the wretched crew is hurled
To the deep torments of an endless world.

While loyal Faith in Adam's breast has sway,
The smiles of Heav'n on Eden's borders play;
But soon the Tempter with his flattering breath
Spreads o'er life's path the sullen gloom of death;

Plants it with thorns, and thro' the murky air
Wakes every grinning phantom of despair;
While Justice rushes from her flashing throne,
Waves her bright sword, and claims man as her
own.

O! say, ye angels, circling near the place
Whence beams of wisdom dart thro' distant space,
Say, as yon ruin darkens o'er your eyes,
And gathering shades of unknown sorrow rise,
Say, as ye hang in voiceless wonder o'er
Those scenes of death with glory bright before,
Upon your minds, what life-restoring plan
Bursts like a sun to rescue wretched man?
Shall nobler fruits in wasted Eden bloom?
Shall purer light dispel that dreadful gloom?
Shall sweeter flowers breathe fragrance thro' the
air,
And darkened Hope be kindled from Despair?
Can Death prove Life, reversed the awful doom,
And Adam spring immortal from the tomb?
Can Justice be appeased that man may rise
To shine more glorious in yon starry skies?

What hidden link in Nature's chain shall bind
To a forsaken God his rebel mind?
What cleanse his stain, his fallen powers re-
store,
And to his source unite him evermore?
Ye stand amazed, on outstretch'd wings ye fly
To those fair realms where pleasures never die;
And to yon wondering host in heav'n ye tell,
That man who blighted earth must groan in
hell.

Not thus to Amram's son the future seemed
When thro' its shade salvation's promise beam'd.

Hid in his rock I see the Prophet stand,
From ventured death screen'd by Jehovah's hand;
Thro' Horeb's gloom the flames had fixed his
gaze
Which glow'd around the bush with harmless
blaze;
And near the spot his fearful footsteps trod
Whence thunder'd forth the dreadful voice of
God;

The angry skies attend his stern command,
And pour their fiery terrors o'er the land,
While rolls the subject sea its tow'ring waves
To make for Pharaoh's host their billowy graves.
The pillar'd cloud leads on his devious way,
And turns to flame with the departing day;
Potent, his rod but touch'd the rock, and lo!
Forth from its side the gushing waters flow;
To show him blest, before his prayers arise
Ev'n Heav'n's own bread drops glitt'ring from
the skies.

On Sinai's top, where thunders rend the cloud
And lightnings leap athwart its smoky shroud,
He finds the Law, and in the fearful place
Reflects the radiance of Jehovah's face;
What more bold Prophet would thine eye sur-
vey?

What greater wonders *can* thy God display?
Lo! thro' far ages rushing o'er his eye
Purples the *cross* on which his Lord shall die.

What angel-spirits never had designed,
What thus was shadowed to the Prophet's mind,

Time has revealed; and now th' amazing plan
Pours full salvation upon ransom'd man.

Mount to its source! see, tortured by despair,
With what swift footsteps flee you guilty pair!
The evening star is trembling into view,
And on each leaf distills the noiseless dew,
As day departing calls the solemn breeze
To wake sad music in the murmuring trees.
Lo! over Eden spreads a twilight gloom,
Like dark'ning shadows round the sinner's
tomb;

The Lord has come—'tis hence the guilty fly
The dreaded vengeance of his piercing eye.
But, thundering in his voice, does Justice now
Demand the seal of death upon their brow?
Nay! as the sun appears, when tempests howl,
And blackening horrors o'er the landscape scowl,
To fringe the cloud, and o'er the sky to throw
The brilliant colors of his peaceful bow,
On his dread brow, where Justice has her
throne,

A halo bright with mildest mercy shone.

His voice proclaims the curse that withers earth—
A thousand pangs—unknown before have birth;
Death waves his sword, and wider empire claims,
The devils triumph 'mid their fiercer flames;
Man trembles as the fearful accents flow
Big with the horrors of eternal woe.
And shall o'er earth yon demon-scepter sway?
Shall greedy Death claim millions for his prey?
Shall God be mock'd, while his dominions swell
The gloomy precincts of extended hell?
Soft as that whisper on the Prophet's ear
Which bow'd his head in reverential fear,
A promise comes, and in its vast embrace
Immortal glory for a perish'd race;
Satan's dark empire over earth shall spread;
But lo! the woman's seed shall bruise the ser-
pent's head.

Rise, trembling Faith! from deep despair arise!
Upon this promise fix thy wondering eyes;
'Tis God who speaks, and as the seed contains
The flowers whose beauty brightens o'er the
plains,

In these, His words, the germ of heaven ap-
pears,

To bloom in glory thro' eternal years.

Rise, trembling Faith! tho' clouds may veil the
light,

It yet shall stream unbroken on thy sight;
He knows thy weakness, and he therefore pours
But one faint beam from all his boundless stores.

As evening shadows lengthen o'er the plain,
I see yon glimmering star, first of the train;
I see the lingering sunbeams disappear,
To herald morning in another sphere,
And Night, slow rising from her depth profound,
Her mantle spread with silent hand around;
Myriads of worlds now twinkle on my eye!
They glitter, regents of their native sky,
Until flames forth the monarch of the day
To quench their radiance in his brighter ray.
Round that first promise thus from age to age,
Jehovah's truths shine from the sacred page;
Thro' types, thro' shadows, joys divine impart,
And pour salvation in each trusting heart;

With beams of comfort radiate the gloom,
Kindling a way to glory from the tomb,
Till life immortal brightens on the sight,
When Jesus like a sun bursts thro' the starry
 night.

Now, joyful Faith! now plume thy loftiest wing,
In notes of heav'n redemption's anthem sing!
Ye morning stars, who at creation's birth
Shouted from chaos the emerging earth;
Ye sainted spirits, hovering o'er their way
To lead a ransom'd race to endless day;
Assist the strain, your noblest triumphs raise,
Till thro' creation swells Messiah's praise.

Alas for man! speak to those tombs, and see
If at thy voice their captives shall go free;
Tell Ocean's billows when fierce tempests blow
Back from their shores at thy behest to flow;
Bid those firm mountains towering to the sky
Shake at thy nod, and from their bases fly;
Or up thro' ether let thy voice aspire
To hurl yon sun from his bright throne of fire.

Will these obey? will these at thy command
Spurn laws impress'd by an Almighty Hand?
Vain thus thy power, without the Spirit's breath,
To light Faith's fires amid the glooms of death.

Throughout creation mark what mercies shine,
By wakening Faith to kindle love divine,
And know from man, know from the sacred page,
The sway of Unbelief in every age.

Jehovah's voice which pledged Messiah's birth,
Jehovah's majesty upon the earth,
Check not the boisterous passions of the soul;
Fresh tides of violence rush without control,
Till Faith departs, and streaming wide, unfurl'd,
Satan waves high his banner o'er the world.
Now heav'n in wrath grows black, but pours in
vain

Its floods to cleanse the hell-preparing stain.
Scarce smokes the altar in the sacred place,
Where God proclaims his covenant with the race,
And paints his mercy in the brilliant bow,
When streams of ruin thro' the ages flow;

To devilish idols bow'd is every knee,
The horrid image scowls from every tree;
Eager the flames of bloody altars rise
And spread their hated incense thro' the skies.
Again Jehovah speaks, and Abram hears
A blessing promised for eternal years,
While o'er the race who from the patriarch
spring
Falls the broad shadow of th' Almighty wing;
Both heav'n and earth conspire at God's com-
mand
To lead his Israel to their promised land;
But soon forgot the love by night, by day,
Which ceaseless blazed along their dreary way,
Lo! on the mount where thunder'd God, be-
hold!

The senseless rebels serve a calf of gold.
When Jordan parts, when to their raptured eyes
The lovely fields of fruitful Canaan rise,
Those pillar'd stones, those bursts of joy attest
The glowing gratitude which fires each breast;
But soon the temple spurn'd, the prophet slain,
On hill, in dale, the glittering idol fane,

Show sword, nor mercy, smiles, nor wrath can
bring
Those stubborn hearts in homage to their King.

O! Unbelief, how fearful is the night
Whose dismal shadows blacken on the sight—
Shut God from view, and o'er the Gentiles throw
The horrid darkness of the world of woe!

But thro' the gloom a star, a star appears,
To gild again the sad, despairing years!
Hark! angels sing! thro' heav'n a glory reigns,
Which pours its splendor o'er the midnight plains;
In that rude place where lowly shepherds bend,
And fraught with orient gifts the wise attend,
An infant sleeps; an infant! nay! our God!
'Tis He whose feet the heav'n of heav'ns have
trod,
Who framed yon skies, who taught yon sun to roll,
And lights immortal fires within the soul.

Ye sainted prophets! ye who saw on earth
These wondrous scenes which mark Messiah's birth,

Here bring your harps, here bend your raptured
gaze,

And Jesus sing in strains of loftiest praise.
Behold your Savior! see yon crowd o'erawed,
Own in his word the signature of God;
The winds are his, He stills the boisterous wave,
His voice dissolves the bondage of the grave;
The eye, the ear, the leaping limb proclaim
His the dread virtue of Jehovah's name;
While round his brow effulgent glories stream
Bright with the radiance of the Godhead's beam.

Now, Faith, arise! now see a Savior's face!
Receive salvation thro' his offer'd grace!
Trust, trust his words! till death his voice obey,
And thro' the grave shall shine immortal day.

Alas! in vain; what tho' the Son resign
His Godhead's glory, and his form divine;
What tho' his birth, life, death to every age
Show Him the promise of the Prophet's page;
What tho' his power o'er heav'n and earth compel
The voice of devils, and belief from hell;

His tears, his works, his streaming blood attest
That Faith expires in man's polluted breast.
Yon shuddering sun in horror hides his face,
Deep, solemn darkness veils the dreadful place;
While th' upheaving rock, the rending tomb
Mingle their terrors with the midnight gloom;
See, Unbelief, thy work! yon cross survey,
As thro' those gaping wounds life ebbs away;
How drops yon gory brow! how streams that
 blood
From those pierced hands and feet, a purple
 flood;
While covered by a cloud of wrath he cries,
Breathes for his foes a prayer of love, and dies!
Whose deed is this? ye sons of Adam, tell;
Their fetters burst, have fiends forsaken hell?
Nay! thro' the scattering gloom dim forms ap-
 pear;
'Tis man who drives the nail, who points the
 spear.

“Say that such scenes bid frightened Faith depart;
Say these rude horrors drive her from the heart;

Say, while Messiah slumbers in the grave,
 On earth no spirit trusts his power to save;
 From these grim shadows let him but ascend,
 Around his throne again let seraphs bend,
 Doubt will be conquered, and a world confide
 In the rich fountains of his crimson side."

The darkness disappears; night's veil unroll'd,
 The purple morning mounts her throne of gold.
 Lo! from the blushing bosom of the skies,
 Wing'd with the light, a sun-crown'd angel flies!
 The guilty earth shakes trembling at his tread,
 His light'ning glance strikes down the guard as
 dead;

With matchless strength he rolls the stone away,
 And pours into the grave exulting day,
 While Death, a captive in his dark domain,
 To the triumphant God resigns his reign.

Does Faith spring forth rejoicing from the tomb
 When bursts Messiah from its awful gloom?
 His own, his own who saw the light divine
 Year after year along his pathway shine,

Saw at his call departed souls obey,
And animate again their lifeless clay,
Behold with doubt, nay! impiously demand
To touch the sacred side, the wounded hand.

Does Hope expire? exists no blest relief
For this dire malady of unbelief?
That Holy Spirit whose almighty breath,
Whisper'd in Adam's soul and saved from death,
Made willing Abr'am's hand to point the knife,
And draw in crimson streams his Isaac's life,
Won by his prayer on Moses unction shed,
With awful brightness crown'd his dazzling head,
The prophets fill'd, which breathed thro' David's
strain,

Distill'd on pious hearts like gentle rain,
Shall soon from heav'n descend a copious shower,
And Faith reviving feel the quickening power.

Ended his work, impress'd the great command
To bear his cross to all in every land,
Majestic now, with outstretch'd hands of love,
Arises Jesus to his throne above;

On yon bright cloud his chosen fix their eyes
Where fades the radiant vision in the skies,
And shining in his image, fill'd with grace,
Reflect the kindling glory of his face.
But lo! their joy departs! what shadows now
Oppress each heart, and darken o'er each brow?
While priests and kings, with devils leagued,
 unite,
While flames and dungeons rise before their
 sight,
Faith shrinks dismay'd, and trembles to survey
The gathering horrors of the bloody way;
But see them bend! to heav'n they lift their
 eyes;
Will Jesus not attend those suppliant cries?
Nay! hear the rushing storm! behold the fire
Descending swift around their heads aspire!
The loosen'd tongue, the bright'ning face pro-
 claim,
The Holy Ghost within the sacred flame.

PART II.

Faith in its Relation to the Heart and Life.

Analysis.

As spring revives nature, faith produces the graces of the Spirit—But by what process?—Faith exists feebly in the savage—He sees God in Nature's external forms—The cultivated intellect beholds Him in wise laws—Creation reveals God not only as merciful, but just—Terror predominates in the heathen, inspired by their views of Deity—Alarm fills the infidel in the hour of disease and death—Revelation more vividly than nature exhibits God's justice and indignation at sin—Instances of this from Scripture—This is not perceived without the Spirit's influence—An exhibition of the divine character and the power of faith in the conversion of Alphonso—His second birth unfolds the true secret of life, and preparative for death—These philosophy never afforded—While sin exists there can be no true happiness—To insure peace the fountain of pollution must be purified—Faith's superior power consists in offering pardon and cleansing the soul—Faith also sustains in the hour of trial—Its power shown in Noah, Abraham, Moses, Job, the Hebrew youth, Daniel, Paul—

The thought of Christ's humanity and sympathy a mighty support in sorrow—Faith makes afflictions blessings, and death a friend—Its efficacy displayed in the case of Fiducio—Faith moves God himself—This shown in the successful intercessions of a mother for her son and a wife for her husband—Faith enlarges the soul more than fancy or science—Its expansive influence evinced in the case of a pious shepherd—Faith finally sanctifies the heart, unites to the Godhead, and conquers death.

FAITH.

HAIL, smiling Spring! with life-imparting breath
Wake dreary Nature from her sleep of death!
Propitious influence from thy warmer suns
Now thro' her secret mazes swiftly runs,
O'er vale, o'er mountain spreads the grateful green,
Invokes th' unfolding leaves to deck the scene,
Paints the bright flowers, scatters gay blossoms wide
Till cheering prospects rise on every side.
Thus from the barren deserts of the soul,
Where stormy passions rage and lusts control,
Faith calls the Spirit's graces to appear,
Brighter than all the glories of the year,
And shed their heav'nly fragrance wide abroad,
Pleasing to man, acceptable to God.

But what the process? what the way design'd
By which Faith renovates the fallen mind?

To God restores, while heav'n's own joys begin,
And life immortal springs from death within?

By passion dimm'd, by ignorance oppress'd,
Faith darkly dwells within the savage breast,
Subdues the man, looks out, the Spirit's eye,
With secret awe upon the earth and sky,
Beholds a God, where'er its gaze may turn,
Smile in the flower and in the planet burn,
Gleam in the lightning, in the thunders roll,
And breathe in breezy whispers thro' the soul,
Flush in the dawn, upon the whirlwind tread,
Now kindling hope, and now inspiring dread,
Life of all living, Judge of all the dead.

When Science lights her torch, and sends its
blaze
To distant worlds conceal'd from ruder gaze,
Tears from their glittering globes the veil of
night,
Measures their masses, calculates their flight,
To the minute descends, shows the bright dew
Peopled with shapes of every size and hue,

In our own frames reveals the wondrous art
Which sends the life-blood gushing thro' the heart,
Unfolds the hidden laws which govern mind,
With passion burning, and by thought refined,
Faith triumphs at the view—with bright'ning eyes
Not power alone, but wisdom she describes,
She owns a God—on fancy not impress'd,
To fill with joy, or fright a savage breast,
But seen with *Reason's* eye, seen in the *laws*
Traced on creation by the great First Cause.

But what this God? how, how does he appear?
Awakening most to confidence or fear?
As when the monarch sun brings in the day
Each feebler world retires before his ray,
Is Justice overpower'd, while Love alone
With blind compassion occupies the throne?
On Nature look—her open volume scan—
What burning truths flash thence on trembling
man?
Soft as some gentle zephyr waves his wing,
And breathes o'er earth the mildness of the
spring,

Where'er we turn does Nature's voice assuage
The guilty dread of savage or of sage?
Say that the hues which flush in summer's bow
O'er man their arch of covenant mercy throw;
Say that Jehovah whispers in the breeze,
Whose evening sighs wake music in the trees;
Say that the flowers below, the stars above
Unfold and shine the emblems of his love;
That from the insect glittering in the sun
To where vast planets thro' their circuits run,
Thro' earth, thro' heav'n, that men, that angels
trace

Th' unnumber'd signatures of matchless grace.
Is this the whole? does Justice never blaze
Her awful terrors on our shrinking gaze?
Ah! turn again! see where in deadly wrath
The desolating storm has forced its path!
Hark! hark! at midnight on yon billowy shore
Wild death-shrieks mingle with the ocean's roar!
The Lightning darts, and ghastly corpses strew
Yon shatter'd mansion, horrible to view;
The Flames consume, the greedy Earthquake's power
Hurls down whole shrieking cities in an hour;

There Pestilence and Famine, hand in hand,
Stalk, breathing fiery vengeance o'er the land;
While on his throne of skulls, grim, gory War,
Thro' blood, o'er corpses whirls his thundering
car.

Go view the heathen! hear his frantic cries.
From where those horrid images arise!
Behold, a reptile winding o'er the ground,
He drags his form whole provinces around!
There sheds his blood, there slays his child, his
wife,

To please his gods, and merit endless life.
Ah! why these rites? why does that idol-face,
Black, foul with rage, scowl hideous from its
place?

These bear that impress on the spirit made,
By the dire terrors Nature has display'd;
These but reflect the secret dread within,
Inspired by guilty consciousness of sin.

Nor thou, gay, shining infidel, pretend
No piercing pang thy restless bosom rend.

When fortune smiles, when health from fav'ring
skies

Bounds in thy step and flashes from thy eyes,

Then will appear beneath, around, above,

Thy boasted tokens of unmingled love.

But let the fiery fever wake its pains,

Flush in thy cheek and burn along thy veins;

Let Death exultant grin and shake his spear,

While thy dark bosom throbs with torturing
fear;

Let now the dreadful shadows of the tomb

Spread o'er thy rolling eyes their rayless gloom;

Let thy poor, shivering spirit look abroad,

And thro' the grave behold a wrathful God;

Alas, when hope departs, thou, thou wilt own

That Justice sits with Love upon the throne.

If thus in life, in death, Faith's living ray

On infidel and heathen pours the day;

From Nature shows how angry Justice stands

To wave o'er man her sword with flaming hands,

What shafts of fire from revelation dart

To burn conviction thro' the sinner's heart!

Yes! angels view, hurl'd from the fields of light
And chain'd in dark despair and endless night;
For Adam's sin a blighted race survey,
Groaning from age to age their lives away;
From earth to heav'n, and swept from pole to pole,
O'er drowning millions see the waters roll;
Tremble as streams of fiery ruin rain
Their vengeance o'er the cities of the plain;
Hear thro' the grave the Judgment-trumpet sound
To wake the summon'd nations from the ground;
While robed in flames our blazing planet flies
And scatters horror thro' dissolving skies.
Hark! tortured millions from their fires below,
Shriek in the sufferings of eternal woe.
Go to the cross—there o'er the Son behold
Each scorching wave of dreadful anguish roll'd,
And trembling own with me the sacred page,
More dread than Nature speaks thro' ev'ry age.

But cold as rays of streaming moonlight fall,
To dimly glimmer o'er some pictured wall,
The fearful portraiture of wrath divine,
Which in God's record frown from many a line,

Address'd to Reason and to Fancy's view,
Sketch'd in each burning shape, each vivid hue,
Will ne'er impress until the Spirit's breath
Shall wake the soul and end its dream of death.
Till then, the law from Sinai peals in vain,
Thunders its wrath and threatens endless pain;
In vain the voice of weeping Mercy cries,
And pleads the blood of Him who rules the skies,
Nor grace nor judgment, love nor vengeance
start
From deadly slumber one unconscious heart.

Behold Alphonso! in his history trace
The *fact*, the *mystery* of redeeming grace!
Lo, kindled Faith appears at God's behest,
And lights her altar in his darken'd breast.
Soon the dim spark with brightening luster glows,
Warms to a blaze, around its radiance throws,
To heav'n aspires, and as its flames arise
Burns a sure pledge of life beyond the skies.

First blest by Nature, then refined by art,
In him shone forth each gift of head and heart;

Wealth, beauty, station smiled along his way,
And life unchecker'd seem'd a cloudless day.
Oft as his thoughtful spirit look'd abroad
He mark'd with joy the footsteps of a God;
When each fine trace of Wisdom met his gaze,
Burst from his lips involuntary praise.
His whole religion this—t' admire the hand
Which spread abroad the beautiful and grand,
And praise the Artist when his skill was seen,
As the contriver of a vast machine.
Sentiment of piety took the place,
A gentle temper seem'd the fruit of grace;
Pleas'd with himself and flatter'd by his friends,
His flowery pathway to perdition tends;
Death and *eternity*, those solemn themes,
Expell'd by life's gay, glittering, damning dreams.

A change appears; behold him silent, trace
In the pale features of a fading face
His own unerring doom; behold him stand
Leaning in thought his head upon his hand!
While thro' th' echoing chambers of his soul
These burning words in fearful accents roll—

“Deceived, deluded, dying child of earth,
Say, what are all thy painted visions worth?”

He seeks a friend—he pours into his ears
His life, his griefs, his struggles, and his
fears;

Hangs on his lips, in lowly rev'rence bends,
While prayer that breathes with love to heav'n
ascends.

Now, now the veil is drawn—he sees within
The dark polluting streams of native sin;
Above, suspended by a breaking hair,
The sword of Justice flashes thro' the air;
Beneath, Death points him to the dreary tomb,
And thunders in his ear the Judgment's doom.
He cries, “What tho' no lust has stain'd my
soul,

What tho' these lips have touch'd no madd'ning
bowl,

What tho' unharm'd by each attractive vice,
The treach'rous card, the fascinating dice,
What tho' no horrid blasphemies appear
Blazing from Memory's page to fill with fear,

An alien from my God, I see my life,
 A guilty scene of dark rebellious strife,
 My idol self, my groveling soul fast bound
 To this poor fleeting world's contracted round;
 And Heav'n despised, and pure, immortal joys
 Barter'd for earth's vain transitory toys;
 Conscience suppress'd, and quench'd the Spirit's
 ray
 That points thro' Jesus to eternal day,
 While fiends exulting in this bosom dwell,
 And kindle there anticipated hell."

The Bible clasp'd, bow'd in the secret place,
 He pleads for mercy at a throne of grace;
 Lo, from the holy page a stream of light
 Bursts on his soul! away, ye clouds and night!
 Attun'd in heav'n, a voice exclaims, "Believe,
 A full salvation thro' thy faith receive!
 Look to the cross! rejoice! thy debt is paid,
 Each death-deserving sin on Jesus laid;
 Those groans, those wounds, the earth, the sky
 attest
 The boundless love of that expiring breast;

But trust his streaming blood and sweetly find
The bliss of heav'n within thy guilty mind."

He hears, obeys, and from his sinking soul
Swift as a seraph's thought the shadows roll.
To seal his faith, to smile away his sighs
Th' eternal Spirit hastens from the skies,
Speaks pardon thro' the blood, and bids him say,
"My Father, God!" his sins are wash'd away,
Joy swells his breast, praise from his lips as-
pires,

Love in his bosom lights her hallow'd fires,
Hope plumes her wings, and every sister grace
Shines thro' the radiance of his kindling face,
While hov'ring angels, blissful at the sight,
Their glittering pinions spread for swiftest flight,
And heav'n exults as flies the news abroad,
That Faith has led another soul to God.

Here stoop, Philosophy! here learn the art
Which brings a balm to every bleeding heart!
Where spread the walks of memorable Greece,
Thy pompous wisdom sought in vain for peace;

Nor Roman genius triumph'd to disclose
A grateful cure for all our varied woes.
And now, when Science from her starry hight
Sheds over earth unprecedented light,
She fails, nor in her wide research can find
One spring of true contentment for the
mind.

All own the malady, all feel the sting,
A thousand curious remedies they bring;
Yet in the spirit festers still the wound,
And pain and death spread wretchedness around.
But view Alphonso! from his second birth
What glories to his vision stream o'er earth,
While in his soul the life of God appears
To burn and brighten thro' eternal years!

While sin exists, while conscience is defiled,
What tho' a heav'n around the spirit smiled!
Fear, Discontent will pierce the guilty soul,
And black Despair her horrid shadows roll;
Death, too, will frown, the grave will spread its
gloom,
An awful future thunder thro' the tomb;

A cloud of wrath obscure the face divine,
 'Till thro' the midnight Hope will cease to shine,
 And pleasure poison'd, all the life remains
 One sad precursor of eternal pains.

Then seek you bliss? remove the *cause* of woe;
 Dry up the fount of wretchedness below;
 Bring pardon to the soul, take sin away,
 And bursts at once a bright unclouded day.
 Wisdom in vain her paltry plans will try,
 Man unforgiven must forever die—
 The sting, deep-buried in his guilty heart,
 Thro' endless ages will its venom dart.

Here, Faith, thy power assert! here, here, arise,
 And point a suff'ring race to fadeless skies!
 From heav'n I see thy radiant form descend,
 I see thy footsteps to the sinner bend,
 Smiles on thy face, a pardon in thy hand,
 While clustering graces shining round thee
 stand.

What proud Philosophy has sought in vain,
 From thee I see the weeping suppliant gain,

God's smile beams on his soul, and freed from
sin,
He feels at once the glow of heav'n within.

Thou, too, immortal Faith, in trial's hour,
When clouds appear, and tempests gather power,
When from their depths indignant oceans rise,
And dash their fury to the trembling skies,
Like Him whose gracious hand was stretch'd to
save

A sinking Peter from his billowy grave;
Like Him, before whose Majesty impress'd,
The warring elements were hush'd to rest,
Doth save the soul, and turn the raptur'd sight
To smiling fields beyond the shades of night,
Where storms have never raged, where sunshine
reigns,
And gilds with joy the wide eternal plains.

By thee sustain'd thro' many a weary year,
While fools deride, and cynic skeptics sneer,
There Noah by his ark's majestic form
Defies the rising wave and bursting storm;

By thee sustain'd, when comes the stern com-
mand,
The glittering knife is grasp'd in Abr'am's hand;
His Isaac's blood shall flow at God's behest,
And love but brighten in his loyal breast;
By thee sustain'd, a Moses cries to God—
Lo, haughty Pharaoh bows before his rod,
And seas divide, and clouds and rocks obey,
To aid his murm'ring Israel on their way;
By thee sustain'd, when Satan's vengeful art
Scatters his hopes and tears his bleeding heart,
Job hears his God within the whirlwind's roar,
And bows his suff'ring head, nor murmurs more;
By thee sustain'd, the Hebrew youth disdain
T' adore the towering image of the plain,
And bright with triumph, as the flames aspire,
The Son of God walks with them in the fire;
By thee sustain'd, a Daniel kneels to pray,
Defies his foes, nor dreads the blaze of day,
And where yon lions glare, preserved from fear,
Attracts a glittering angel from his sphere;
By thee sustain'd, a bleeding Paul can sing,
While hovering seraphs pause on wondering wing,

And as his notes ascend thro' midnight's hour,
Those tottering walls confess thy matchless power.

As o'er life's path of sighs the pilgrim goes,
His weeping eyes the griefs within disclose;
When health departs, when friendship's smiles
betray,

And chilling want frowns on his weary way,
No tender glance, no sympathetic tear,
To nerve his heart when sorrow's clouds appear—
He feels, tho' busy millions round him tread,
Lone as the moldering mansions of the dead.
Then, touch'd by God, will Faith exalt her
eye,

And pierce the darkness of his troubled sky;
Beyond the earth, beyond each horrid storm,
There, crown'd with light, she views a radiant
form;

'Tis He who, circled with the Godhead's ray,
Once stoop'd to vail his glory in the clay;
He knows life's sorrows, knows death's dreadful
gloom—

He laid within the precincts of the tomb.

As streams the eye, as heaves the breast, his ear
Each cry of anguish on his throne can hear;
His look is love, his voice resistless pleads,
His blood before the Father intercedes,
Till grace descends, and on the sufferer's head
Brighter than morn a ray from heav'n is shed.

Yes! blissful Faith, when calls thy magic power,
For each sharp thorn unfolds a blushing flower;
Sorrow is turn'd to joy, and night to day,
When on the cloud thy heav'n-born lusters play;
No dark affliction broods upon the mind
For which thy skill a balm shall fail to find,
While Death at thy command will yield his sting,
And o'er the grave Hope's rainbow colors spring.

Fiducio's cot, white on the verdant lawn,
Blush'd thro' the trees to greet the purple dawn;
Art, learning, virtue round him luster shed,
While his broad fields their boundless treasures
spread.

Pure as the streams whose waters mingling go,
And murmur sweetest music in their flow,

In thought, in feeling, wedded to his wife,
Glides the smooth current of his peaceful life.
Bright as the flowers whose rosy clusters pour
Their morning incense round his happy door,
His joyous children, lent by Heav'n, arise,
Health in their cheeks and genius in their eyes.
Shall tearful Sorrow there exalt her form,
And spread along his sky the gathering storm?
Shall piercing groans those pious bosoms rend
From which to heav'n the flames of praise ascend?

Will not a smiling God stretch out his arm,
And with his ample shield protect from harm?

Dark-visag'd Slander with her venom breath
Withers Fiducio's name and seeks his death;
An angry mob the torch of rage applies—
His cottage soon a flaming ruin lies;
His frenzied wife beholds with maniac gaze
Her shrieking children perish in the blaze;
The walks, the heav'ns, with her loud cries resound,
And soon, a corpse, she falls upon the ground.

Fiducio ask'd, while his sad spirit bled,
"Why have these tempests raged around my
head?

Why has my God, with vengeance-burning dart,
Pierced thro' and thro' my anguish'd, broken
heart?"

He asks no more; now, while the glimm'ring
day

Struggles thro' dungeon-bars to find its way,
He rises from his straw. His features shine.
Around him plays a flood of light divine;
His Bible search'd, behold a promise there
Which gilds with hope the shadows of despair!
"Smite on, my God," his whispering lips ex-
claim,

"All shall appear when earth is wrapped in
flame;

Thy hand th' obscuring curtain shall unroll,
And show why sorrow thus has wrung my
soul;

When peals thy trumpet in the judgment-
morn,

My wife, my children from this bosom torn,

Immortal from their bursting tombs shall rise,
And share with me a home above consuming
skies.”

Resistless Faith! tho' raging hell unite
To bind thy pinion in its airy flight
Beyond where wheeling worlds their circles trace,
Beyond the march of time, the bounds of space,
I see thee rise on thy triumphant wing,
Pass the fair climes where tall archangels sing,
Soar to thy God, and move th' Almighty hand
Which bids creation wait at thy command.

Behold yon mother's farewell to her boy!
Who blames if now a cloud should veil her joy?
She cries, while from her eyes the tears will
flow
To part with all she holds most dear below,
“Son, when thy first wailing on my spirit broke,
The feelings of a mother's heart awoke;
And when thy little velvet lips I press'd,
What unknown bliss dissolved my flutt'ring
breast!

Now I can see thee in thy cradle lie,
And stretch thy dimpled hands with laughing
eye,

While rosy smiles o'er thy soft features chase
Reflected from some hovering angel's face.

To boyhood grown, o'er the smooth greensward
now

I see the clustering curls wave o'er thy brow,
As there beneath our old elm's ample shade,
Thy father's Bible on thy knee is laid.

And now, my son, when manhood bids us part,
And sorrow settles o'er this widow'd heart,

Who but thy father's God can guide thy way?

Who, who but he can save in trial's day—

A guardian prove when earth and hell combined
Shall strive to stain thy unsuspecting mind!"

He goes, while filial tears his cheek suffuse,

Flush'd with bright hopes his path in life to
choose.

And when Temptation spreads her glittering snare,

And Pleasure smiles to drag him to despair,

Drawn by her love, that mother, at the throne,

Like Jacob wrestles with her God alone,

Till Faith, victorious, breathed no more thro'
sighs,

Kindles at last her soul and lights her eyes,
And tells that Grace, where'er her son may
roam,

Shall melt his heart and guide his footsteps
home—

Shall lead thro' Jesus to yon radiant shore
Where tears are dried and partings are no more.

And when fierce tempests burst from angry
clouds,

And lightnings leap amid the vessel's shrouds,
When thunders peal their answers to the waves,
And rolling ocean yawns with billowy graves,
When hope departs, and agonizing cries
Above the battling elements arise,

Inspired by God, the faith of yonder wife,
With angel fervor, gains a husband's life;
She from her home bids storms no longer blow,
And chains the furious seas which heave below—
She o'er the calm makes curling breezes play,
Till smiles her loved one bounding on his way.

Soul-kindling Faith! let Science from her throne
Unvail earth's wonders round from zone to
zone,

On tireless pinions bear the spirit far
To circle space and visit every star;
Let venturous Fancy wave her magic wand,
Spread her bright wings, and soar from land to
land,

Exhaust the skies, each glittering treasure find
To deck th' extended empire of the mind;
All theirs is thine—but ampler thy embrace:
These rapid worlds shall weary in their race,
The earth shall burn, yon starry sky decay,
And o'er creation Ruin mark her way;
But far beyond, thy piercing glance descries
From the rude wreck a nobler scene arise,
And wide its brightening glories spread abroad
Beneath th' eternal sunshine of its God.

Where on yon mountain-side the tinkling bells
Their morning music wake, a shepherd dwells;
His wife and child, and flock his bosom share,
By night his dream, by day his pleasing care.

From his rude eye has partial Learning seal'd
The splendid treasures of her ample field.
The Bible all his book, there will he trace
With faltering tongue, but spirit-kindled face,
Each word of light, and breathe the heart-felt
prayer,
To find his God in every promise there.
Yet, thus unlearn'd, his faith-expanded mind
Beyond that narrow scene soars unconfined;
To dawning time he mounts—he views the earth
At God's command from nothing have its birth;
He hears the morning stars—with Adam talks,
And treads familiar Eden's ' flowery walks.
While awful prophets sweep the solemn lyre,
Burns in his glowing breast responsive fire;
He presses now where once apostles trod
To gaze with awe upon the Son of God,
Weeps at his death—exults to see him rise
And claim his throne, the Monarch of the skies;
He views, as range his thoughts o'er future time,
Millennial glory spread o'er every clime,
And joys as rolls abroad the loud acclaim,
Which wafts from shore to shore Messiah's name.

Now, now the Judgment-trump swells on his ear,
Attendant angels rush from every sphere,
While throned upon the cloud, his kindling eyes
Behold the Judge majestic in the skies.
Lo, blissful scene! the pearly gates unfold,
Upon his vision blaze the streets of gold;
Angels support his steps, swift he ascends,
And now before th' eternal throne he bends—
He views his God, and feels while ages roll
This heav'n shall beam in bliss upon his soul.

Offspring of God! say Faith can tame the wave,
And from th' abyss of moral ruin save;
Can hush to calm the boisterous tempest's force,
And stop the fiery comet in its course;
Command like Joshua the sun and moon,
Turning the evening's shadows into noon;
Can move the arm that rules with sov'reign sway
The wide creation in its onward way;
What can control with mightier power and art
The warring passions of a Christian heart?
Can aught eradicate the weeds of sin,
Whose pestilential breath pollutes within?

Can aught avail to quench those fires of hell
Which rage to burn the temple where they
 dwell?

What power in this vast universe shall bind
The waves and tempests of a human mind?
Can Time, Affliction, Death, with matchless
 hand,

Corruption, Hell, the World, combined, withstand?
Wake, holy Faith! from slumbering ages wake,
The chains which press a groaning Zion break!
Cloth'd with Omnipotence, bright as the sun
When Morning calls his burning race to run,
Dispel each cloud, and from the suffering soul
Each dark, despairing, earth-born shadow roll;
Pour, pour thy radiance o'er the Book divine,
Touch'd by thy ray let every promise shine,
Till joyful Zion, springing from the dust,
For full salvation in the Lamb shall trust.

Exalting Faith! eternally design'd
To fix the Godhead in the trusting mind;
The Spirit warms thee, and the blood applies,
Till flowering round the cross I see thee rise.

Thro' thee, from Christ, vivific virtues stream,
Thy clustering fruits blush in the Father's beam,
Wide over earth a grateful fragrance flows,
And cheerless deserts blossom as the rose.

The crown of all, one mighty conquest now
Remains to wreath Faith's bright immortal brow.

Who has not cast from yon dark mystic shore
Some fearful, wondering, anxious glance before?
Ah! who at midnight on his restless bed
Ne'er sought t' explore the empire of the
 dead?

Ne'er sought to roll away that sable gloom
Whose silent shadows curtain o'er the tomb?
Who never trembled as some vision pass'd,
And cried, "Thou, too, must meet thy God at
 last?"

And what shall calm the universal fear
Which shakes the heart when Death's grim
 shades appear?

What, what avail in that last woe to save,
And kindle glory in the dreadful grave?

Victorious Faith! amid the dying scene
I see thee heav'nward point with glance serene.
Assur'd by thee the Christian grasps his prize,
His soul exultant while his body dies;
And hovering now upon the verge of day,
One look from Jesus smiles his fears away.
Pale tho' his brow, tho' wreck'd his ghastly form
Like some lone vessel shatter'd in the storm,
Mirrored by thee, flash from his beaming eyes,
Reflected lusters kindled in the skies;
And tho' Life's ties dissolve, and thro' the gloom
A vast "*Forever*" stretches from the tomb,
Yet, when his fluttering pulse shall mark the
time
That bids him soar to an immortal clime,
Inspired by thee, upward I see him spring—
Borne o'er the dread abyss with steady wing—
Smile on his pallid clay, and look abroad
Triumphant from the bosom of his God.

PART III.

Faith as Related to the World's Salvation.



Analysis.

Invocation to Love—All expect a nobler future for man—Science and Reason can not secure it—Faith only can emancipate our race—Infidelity sneeringly interposes her doubts—Judging from past history her arguments seem plausible—The Bible presents difficulties Infidelity never conceived—Yet, shall Faith be discouraged?—No! she relies on the Promise and Power of God—And is like Elisha surrounded with the horses and chariots of fire—But what great truth shall redeem earth?—The cross as preached by Peter, Paul, Luther, Wesley, Chalmers, Brainard, the Moravians—Its universal adaptation—It reconciles Justice and Mercy—Is the center of the universe—But who shall proclaim it? Not angels, but men—Love the ruling principle of the minister of the cross—Its power exhibited in the history of Edward—Address to Love—The anticipations of its reign not delusive; and Faith, far from visionary, does not overlook secondary instrumentalities—The relation of Christianity to Science—To America; a short sketch of the western continent—Columbus—The Pilgrims—America designed as an

asylum for the oppressed—They come from every land to form a new and nobler race—Thus the thousands were assembled on the day of Pentecost to receive salvation, and spread it over earth—Christians exhorted to treat foreigners with affection, instead of hatred, that they may be won to Christ, and go abroad to convert the world—Address to Love—Napoleon's concession—Love will soften men, and bring them to God—It shall animate Christians till it ushers in the millennial morn.

FAITH.

HAIL, holy Love! bright daughter of the skies,
Fairer than morn I see thy form arise;
Wide to the breeze thy banner be unfurl'd
To wave victorious o'er a ransom'd world.

What kindly breast the pleasing dream ne'er
knew
That gilds earth's clouds with Hope's inspiring
hue?

What fancy ne'er the future's veil unroll'd,
To see o'er man a nobler scene unfold;
Nor pour'd with brightening eye, and profuse
hand,

Imaginary bliss o'er every land?
The savage and the sage alike delight
To paint the vision to their raptur'd sight—

Poetry, Philosophy exult to share
The dream which lifts the nations from despair;
Deep in the soul th' immortal wish has birth,
Which spreads an undimm'd glory over earth.

But where the power to break the captive's
chain,

And from the skies call Truth's illustrious reign?

Can Science with her orient ray dispel

The night which gathers from the shades of Hell?

Can Reason e'er in wisest laws express'd,

Restrain the raging passions of the breast—

Bind the wild nations to her splendid car,

And wreath the olive round the brow of war?

Alas! alas! no element within,

Shall hush the stormy turbulence of sin;

Faith, Faith alone, bright from her throne above

On angel-wing, can woo triumphant Love—

From Satan's cruel scepter bring release,

And give to groaning earth the sway of peace.

But thro' the gloom a horrid form appears,

To cast her shadow o'er the future years—

Halt, crooked, frowning, black as night she
seems,

A hideous phantom from the land of dreams,
Without a God, the grave her hopeless end,
Her robe a shroud, the crawling worm her
friend.

Joyless, heav'nless, her sneering visage throws
A dark despairing glance o'er human woes.

"Judge from the past, deluded man," she cries,
"And from Hope's flattering visions turn thine
eyes ;

Poor dupe of priests, no promised day shall
shed

Millennial brightness on thy suffering head."

Judge from the past! alas, what lesson there

Shall save the sinking spirit from despair?

Judge from the past! if this alone we view,

O! Infidelity, thy prophecy is true.

The Past! stain'd o'er with blood and dark with
crime,

I see unroll'd the tragic page of Time.

Scarce does Rebellion Eden's portals close,
When Abel's blood in crimson torrents flows—
When Murder over earth his altar rears,
And wets his gory locks in Adam's tears.
Scarce from their rage the angry billows cease,
And glitters in the cloud the bow of peace,
When Babel's towers ascend from Shinar's plain
To scale the skies for impious man to reign.
Scarce with their babbling tongues and humbled
pride
The baffled rebels scatter far and wide,
When empires vast from blood and tears have
birth,
And tyrants wave their scepters over earth.
From where yon city's splendid piles arise,
Swift, eagle-wing'd, the rampant Lion flies,
And bathes his shaggy pinions in their gore.
As frighten'd nations tremble at his roar;
The rapid Leopard, the devouring Bear,
With horrid cries burst raging thro' the air,
And soon 'mid Time's dark shadowy mists be-
hold
A nameless beast his dreadful form unfold,

With iron teeth, and brazen claws—his face
Glares fiery horror o'er a wretched race,
While budding from his brow the horn upsprings
To hurl from his high throne the King of kings.

Tho' from the cross the suffering Savior cries,
Completes in blood salvation's work and dies,
Sends rushing from his throne the floods of
day,

To light his martyr-servants on their way;
Dark, dark corruptions bursting from the soul,
Again o'er earth their streams of ruin roll.
Alas, Hypocrisy exalts her head,
Pride, Envy, Av'rice round their venom spread;
The haughty Jew despising offer'd grace,
Deepens the stain of blood upon his race,
Till raging flames around the Temple blaze,
Till desolation broods o'er Zion's ways,
And curs'd by heav'n they wander wide abroad,
Who slew with impious hand the incarnate God.

On rocky Patmos earth and sky unite
To pour their terrors o'er the prophet's sight.

Dim are the stars, and candlesticks of gold,
And Pentecostal zeal decays and Love grows cold.
Writhing in flames the suffering saints expire,
From yonder cloud streams mingled blood and
fire;

Hark! the blazing mountain with tremendous
roar,

Dashes the wild waves tumbling to the shore;
Bright as a lamp yon meteor star is hurl'd
To drop its fiery ruin on the world.

The sun is sackcloth. Thro' the darken'd noon
In robes of blood looks out the ghastly moon,
And like the fig-leaves scatter'd by the blast,
Worlds crushing worlds from heav'n are falling
fast.

From open'd hell the blackening clouds arise,
And roll their volumes upward to the skies.
Fierce scorpion-monsters with the lion's glare,
Belch streams of flame wide thro' the livid air.
The moon her footstool, and her robe the sun,
Behold with fear the star-crown'd woman run—
To the deep shadows of the forest sped
As bursts the horrid storm around her head!

Lo, from the sea, tumultuous at his birth,
Springs forth the purple beast to scourge the
earth;

Red, scorching vials pour'd by angel-hands
Blaze desolating wrath o'er wasted lands,
While heav'n and hell their fiery legions blend,
And as creation looks for earth contend.

Paint, Infidelity, in darkest hues
Thy cheerless, partial, soul-contracting views ;
In all the midnight colors of thy tomb,
Then let the picture frown in sullen gloom,
And fiercer flames than hate's within thy heart,
In livid flashes o'er the blackness dart ;
Let mountains tower o'er mountains on the
way,

That points our race to the millennial day ;
Vain is thy art—no shades at thy command,
No master-touches from thy withered hand,
Can sketch such paths of blood, such skies of
fire,

As rise when prophet-hands sweep o'er the
lyre.

But shall Faith tremble at the dread survey,
 And turn aghast her 'wilder'd eye away—
 To passion's power, to demon-sway give o'er
 Immortal men to perish evermore—
 Behold o'er earth the deepening shadows grow,
 Dim miniature of darker hell below?
 Nay! thro' the cloud her tall majestic form
 Towers like a sun-lit rock above the storm;
 High in her hand th' eternal Word appears,
 Bright with the promise of Sabbatic years,
 And as the scenes of future bliss arise,
 Light crowns her brow, and kindles in her eyes.

"What tho'," she cries, "grim Superstition rears
 Her gorgeous shrines smear'd o'er with blood
 and tears,
 And horrid idols thro' the darkness frown,
 Where pagan knees to demon-gods bow down;
 What tho' the Beast and Prophet both unite
 To wage the war of hell, and spread her night;
 What tho' vice, crime, each hideous form of
 sin,
 Triumphs without, and riots foul within,

And Satan with his crew of earth possess'd,
Make a vile temple of the human breast!
Beyond the skies majestic scenes unfold,
Bright, mighty angels wave their wings of gold,
Rank on shining rank from heav'n descend,
And with the wrestling saints in battle blend.
There, radiant sight, my dazzled gaze descries
Th' eternal throne in awful glory rise;
There, with Creation in his broad survey,
The Triune God prepares salvation's way,
His Word, his Power, his Love, all, all, com-
bined
T' extend the sway of Jesus o'er the mind."

Thus, when the morn on Canaan's hills ap-
pears,
And flashes terror from the Syrian spears,
While clam'rous foes, on fire with deadly hate,
Thunder their rage around the city's gate,
The peaceful Prophet, with uplifted gaze,
Beholds the towering mountains in a blaze,
And steeds of fire, and flaming chariots driven
By angel-warriors from the gates of heav'n.

But say that earth shall be Messiah's throne,
 And every land his gracious scepter own,
 What truth immortal, wing'd by God, shall
 shed

Its light along the pathway of the dead?
 If eloquence, philosophy, in vain
 Shall strive to spread the bright expected reign,
 What broader, nobler plan shall wisdom trace
 To pour salvation o'er a groaning race?

Baptized with fire, and armed with power divine,
 I see round Peter's brow a radiance shine;
 He thunders not the law—not hell, not death
 Flame forth their terrors in his burning breath;
He preaches Jesus—fixes on the Jew
 The blood of that Messiah whom he slew,
 And soon with melting tears, with broken sighs,
 Ascend to heav'n his penitential cries—
 He trusts that blood—exults in Mercy's plan,
 And shows Christ crucified the hope of man.

Thus, when, superior to meridian day,
 Celestial splendor lights Paul's bloody way,

No fires of judgment blaze eternal wrath,
No Sinai's lightnings gleam along his path;
Astounded, dazzled, on the ground, he hears
The gentle voice of Jesus pierce his ears.
Now justified by Faith he flies abroad,
A flaming messenger prepared by God;
Christ is his theme, his power, his life, his all,
Before his glance lo Satan's minions fall,
While saved by Faith, shall deathless thousands rise
To shed with him a glory o'er the skies.

On this great truth then let proud Reason frown,
Let cold, vain Infidelity look down;
Behold the proof! the cross, the cross can save,
Can shed a smile that gilds the gloomy grave,
Can burst its power, and bear the man away
Pure, bright, immortal thro' an endless day.

Heroic Luther! numbers fail to tell
The midnight groans breathed thro' thy wretched
cell;
The charms of learning, and the smile of friends,
Each brilliant dream Hope with thy future blends,

Are sacrificed in vain—fasts, vigils, sighs,
The burning prayers that from thy bosom rise,
But deeper shadows o'er thy pathway throw,
But wake to fiercer flames the hell below.
When all is lost—when Sinai's roar within
Has stirred to giant power victorious sin,
To yonder Book—whose deathless truths in vain
Within a convent's walls would tyrants chain—
Now wing'd by heav'n, ardent, we see thee fly,
And from Truth's fountain drink with kindling eye.
Soon free in Christ, soon arm'd by God's own
hand,
The Papal bulwarks shake at thy command;
The Church may curse, the angry Schoolmen frown,
While tyrant-hands are raised to hurl thee down,
The cross sustains—fled, fled thy legal night,
Thy soul sheds over earth salvation's light.

When withering Unbelief, with fatal breath,
Had chill'd the soul, and blown her blasts of
death,
And kings and nobles steeped in every vice
Barter'd their souls for pleasure's brilliant price,

When scoff'd Philosophy and polish'd Sin,
To hide the rank deformity within,
While from the palace and the court wide pour
Their streams of ruin to each cottage door,
When priests turn infidels, and pulpits cease
To sound salvation thro' the blood of Peace,
When forms and dry moralities abound,
And Christless heresies spread poison round,
And Reason, impotent to stem the tide,
But sadly mourns the wreck on every side,
We see thee, Wesley, grope a legal slave
Till in the cross appears a power to save.
Thy labors, rigors, charities are vain,
Still lingers in thy breast the secret pain.
Friends, prospects, country left at once behind
Afford no lasting comfort to thy mind;
Sincere Devotion soothes thee not to rest,
Breathes not the long-sought peace into thy
breast;
Yet Conscience stings, and when the billows roll,
Death, ghastly Death, strikes terror thro' thy soul.
Renouncing all, from self thy spirit turns,
Now led by God the way to Jesus learns;

Peace, joy arise—thy being soars above
To dwell in cloudless realms of perfect love.
No Churchman's rage, no infidel's cold sneer,
No madden'd mobs can shake thee now with
fear;

Toils, perils, deaths along thy upward way,
But wing thy footsteps toward eternal day;
Each clime, each age, a grateful race shall own
The full salvation to thy Faith made known.

Where Scotia's shore towers o'er the northern
main,

Crown'd with the splendors of fair Learning's
reign;

Where Reason, Fancy, Piety all blend,

And over earth refining grace extend,

Thy genius, Chalmers, did the power attest

The hated cross sways o'er the human breast.

In vain thy vast imagination flew

To snatch from gorgeous skies each brilliant
hue,

That Virtue, smiling in her robes of light,

Might pour attracting glories on the sight.

In vain o'er vice thy eloquence would throw
Shades dark as those which frown in worlds
 below,

No soul is pierced, no troubled conscience wakes,
No trembling wretch from Satan's fetters breaks,
No peace, no joy, no holy lives are given
To stamp upon thy words the seal of Heav'n.

But when the cross thy lofty spirit bends,
What unknown power thy burning words attends!
'Tis then thy glad, exultant eye can see
Rejoicing men from Sin's dominion free—
Pure in their lives, the sway of grace they own,
And dying shine with thee before the throne.

Where burst the yelling panther from his lair,
And thro' deep forests roll'd the Delaware,
As the soft moonbeams silver o'er his face,
And on his features blend with radiant grace,
Amid the shadowy trees, in wrestling prayer,
Hear Brainard's sighs breathe thro' the midnight
 air!

Now with subduing love and heav'nly art
His inspired words pierce the rude Indian's heart,

And tears and sobs, as shakes his lofty form,
Show in his troubled breast the fearful storm.
Lo! from the cross breaks forth Salvation's ray,
And each dark shadow brightens into day;
His wives, his idols, and his sins resign'd,
His willing heart to holiness inclined,
His spotless life, his soul on fire with love,
Show him the ransom'd heir of joys above.

On dreary Greenland, where rude tempests roar,
And towering icebergs line the wint'ry shore,
Where, dark and bleak as arctic nights and
 snows,

The frozen soul to half its stature grows,
Where, weak as polar suns, had science failed
To melt the icy rigors which prevailed,
The cross pours light upon those pagan eyes,
Warm, vital as the orb of tropic skies,
Calls from the soul the flowers of grace to bloom,
And fragrance shed in worlds beyond the tomb.

Behold the cross in climes where rayless night
Vails all save horrid phantoms from the sight,

And o'er where Learning with her polish'd hand
 Has pour'd refining virtues on the land,
 O'er hearts of kings with royal splendors crown'd,
 O'er the rude peasants toiling in the ground,
 O'er white and black, o'er every form and shade,
 Its vast unrival'd triumphs has display'd,
 And yields the pledge its conquest ne'er shall
 cease
 Till smiles on ransom'd earth a heav'n of peace.

The *cross*—here heav'n and earth in mercy blend,
 His thunders hush'd, God speaks the sinner's
 friend;

Here Love and Justice smiling face to face
 Sustain creation's throne in their embrace,
 While angels joy to see th' amazing plan
 That honors God, and rescues guilty man.
 The *cross*—let states in bright succession spread,
 Or sink their fading splendors with the dead,
 Let peopled planets gild the night of space
 Or fly to fragments in their rapid race,
 Let systems change, a universe decay,
 And new creations blaze into their day,

Thro' heav'n, thro' hell, eternity, and time,
Their mighty center towers the cross sublime.

But glory-crown'd, who, who shall bear abroad
The cross which lifts the nations to their God?
Shall angels, eloquent, with lips of flame,
In Heav'n's own accents speak Messiah's name?
Bright, blissful hosts, glad from yon glittering
spheres

Your willing feet would seek this land of tears;
Loos'd from your waving locks with eager hands
Their starry crowns, I see your rushing bands,
"Harps, robes, and songs, farewell, farewell," ye
say,

"Adieu ye mansions of eternal day,
We leave th' illustrious presence of our King,
From these broad gates fly on exultant wing,
All heav'n we give, in yon dark world of pain
To spread the victories of Messiah's reign."
Alas! in vain with flaming zeal ye burn,
Back to your realms on drooping pinions turn;
For you his blood divine was never spill'd,
No penitential pangs your breasts have thrill'd,

Ye never groan'd beneath Affliction's smarts,
At you Temptation shoots no fiery darts,
The joys of Faith, the brotherhood of God,
The paths of death by angel-feet untrod,
The grave's deep gloom, the triumph o'er its power
When dawns on earth the resurrection hour,
Hell, Judgment, Heav'n form no tie that binds
You in soft sympathy with human minds.
As rise the ransom'd millions to his view,
Jesus the broad command gives not to you;
Baptized by heav'n, yon treach'rous, trembling
band,
Shall spread his triumphs wide thro' ev'ry land,
Circle like flames the earth from zone to zone,
And rising thro' its gloom behold his throne.

Yes! weak himself, environed by his foès,
Yet arm'd by Heav'n, the Christian warrior goes;
Truth girds his loins, and Peace his feet has
shod,
To urge his steps in battle for his God;
High on his brow resplendent lusters play,
Hope's towering helmet glitters o'er his way,

Faith's shield protects from every fiery dart
By Satan hurl'd, to pierce his dauntless heart ;
His sword the Word, while rushing armies run,
Reflects its beamy terrors in the sun,
And writhing at his feet Hell's legions lie,
When wave its fiery circles in the sky.
Tho' clothed by God, tho' breathing matchless
 might,
No fields of carnage blush before his sight,
No banners roll'd in blood, no shrieks of pain,
Spread their dire horrors o'er the trembling plain.
Love rules his heart, Love beams in every glance,
Love wings his rapid footsteps to advance,
And Love shall nerve his arm till wide unfurl'd
Her standard streams in triumph o'er the world.

Warm'd by her flame, the pious Edward flies,
On his meek brow the impress of the skies.
Soft as the morn its earliest blush reveals,
The great salvation o'er his spirit steals.
Wash'd in the blood, I see him now rejoice,
While Heav'n lights up his eye and melts his
 voice.

“What peace,” he cries, “within my spirit
springs!

O'er life, o'er death, the cross its halo flings;
Jesus my heart, my mind, my being fills,
And every trembling nerve with rapture thrills;
But to myself shall I this bliss confine,
Nor bid o'er earth the free salvation shine?
Shall hopeless millions drop into the grave,
Nor ever hear that Jesus died to save?

Nay! at the cross which bought my soul I fall;
To spread his name I consecrate my all:
Home, country, friends, I bid ye all adieu.

O, what a vision rushes to my view!
Millions, immortal by the Spirit's breath,
Bright, like their Lord, surmount the glooms of
death;

I see them rise. Triumphant angels wait;
The shining host streams thro' yon golden gate;
Thrones, harps, and crowns, o'er heav'n their
luster throw,

Because a worm like me has toil'd below.”

He goes! the glance, the sob, the tear, attest
Fond nature's struggles in each parent's breast.

Spread the white sail, his moistening eyes ex-
plore

O'er the blue wave his country's fading shore,
And soon the Bible clasping in his hands,
Beneath yon broad banana's shade he stands.
What tho' a shining crowd no longer hear,
To pour their perfumed praises in his ear!
What tho' wealth, learning, fame, all left behind,
Shall charm no more his consecrated mind!
Far nobler joys are his—the heathen shares
By day, by night, his toils, his dreams, his
prayers;

Peace rules his heart, and purest raptures swell
When ransom'd spirits burst the chains of hell,
Receive the cross, and as their praise ascends,
Evince within the Life that never ends.

Say, Judson, say, when tortures Ava's chain,
And torrid suns pour fire upon thy brain,
When fetter'd with the outcasts of the earth,
The suffering subject of a tyrant's mirth,
Comes, sadly comes, upon the scorching gale,
With prison-curses mixed, thy infant's wail,

While prostrate she, thy angel, nay, thy wife,
From pagan bounty holds her guardian life.
By demons mock'd, with all thy griefs oppress'd,
Ah! sweeps no storm of anger o'er thy breast?
Nay, but like Stephen, bleeding from his blows,
Love breathes forgiveness toward thy cruel foes.
When, burst thy fetters, softest breezes now
Expand thy soul, and play upon thy brow,
Waft with thy loved ones o'er the placid stream,
From scenes that frown like phantoms of a
dream,

Shall these not bear thee to thy native shore?
Say, *can* thy bleeding heart love Burmah more?
While weeping there beneath yon willow shade,
Where all that made earth bright for thee is laid,
Still shall thy form bow down for Burmah *there*,
Still from thy lips ascend the glowing prayer?
Where frowns Helena o'er the sullen wave,
Where sleeps thy other guardian in her grave,
Still shall thy sobbing voice the cry repeat,
Still shall thy heart with warm pulsations beat,
Still shall thy longing eye look o'er the sea,
Still burns the wish that Burmah shall be free?

Let God afflict, let devils wing their way,
And mountains pile in Burmah's path to-day,
Thy Spirit-kindled love shall never die,
In Burmah's tongue th' eternal Word shall fly,
And 'mid his jungles, charm'd, the Karen's ear
The Gospel-message from thy lips shall hear.
Then, Judson, then, on some celestial hight,
Where play the splendors of immortal light,
From distant shores, from ocean's yielding tide,
Thy gather'd fam'ly glowing at thy side,
Far, far thro' ether shall thy eyes explore,
Boodh's temples crumbling upon Burmah's shore,
On Ava's turrets see the cross arise,
While Burmah's anthems peal along the skies.

Celestial Love! thy bright diffusive ray
Shall, like a sun, shed universal day.
Offspring of Faith! pour'd from the Christian's
soul
Swift thy broad radiance spreads from pole to
pole,
High to the throne the wide effulgence streams,
And heav'n and earth commingle in thy beams.

Say not 'tis Fancy's dream—that Hope beguiles,
And gilds earth's ruin with delusive smiles.
Tho' born of God, Faith on his word relies,
And darkening doubts, spawn of the pit, defies;
Yet, while exulting in celestial birth,
She scorns each mean support but drawn from
earth;
The Past, the Present, spread before her gaze,
Inspire with zeal, and animate to praise.

Handmaid of Faith! illustrious Science rise,
And hail her Gospel angel as he flies.
When from her throne Religion once was hurl'd,
And Satan's shadow rested on the world,
When in the cloister glimmer'd but a ray,
The sad memorial of a brighter day,
And kings, and priests, with tyrant-hate combined
To quench the glory of immortal mind,
Rous'd from thy slumbers, rais'd thy matchless
hand,
Night's horrid phantoms scatter from the land—
Warm'd by thy beams, preparatives of grace,
Starts on a new career a wakening race.

Now, Science, aid! for, nursed and cheered by
thee,

The babe learns wisdom on its mother's knee;

The cabin'd school, the academic hall,

Make warriors ready for the Gospel call.

Scatter'd by thee the page of life shall fly

Like the wing'd seed across an autumn sky.

Joined by thy hand, tho' hostile billows roar,

Thy potent ties link shore to distant shore.

Ruled by thy power, earth, sea, and sky obey,

To urge Salvation's heralds on their way.

Then Nature search—let thy commanding skill

Make each stern element attend thy will;

Fly on the winds, compel the sun to write

And paint the magic image with his light;

Plow the wild wave, and send the thundering

car

O'er the broad land swift as some meteor-star;

Snatch from its native cloud celestial fire

To speed thy servant on the noiseless wire.

Faith hails thee, Science! clasps thee to her

heart,

Wide over earth thy beams she bids thee dart,

Exalt the cross, and toil till every eye
Beholds its glories streaming o'er the sky.

To thee, America! Faith turns to thee,
Hope of the world and refuge of the free—
As o'er the western wave her vision turns
Her glowing breast with joy triumphant burns.

The sinking floods, impress'd by God's command,
Thy mighty limits fix, unrival'd land!
From pole to pole thy vast dimensions sweep,
On either side far rolls a boundless deep,
And winter climes, and torrid suns thine own,
From thee are pour'd the products of each
zone.

For silent centuries great Nature's hand
Mingles for thee the beautiful and grand.
While no vile passions and no human gore
Pollutes thy sacred soil from shore to shore,
She heaves thy soaring mountains to the skies,
Matchless, immense, she bids thy rivers rise;
Majestic lakes at her behest spread wide,
On whose broad bosoms future fleets shall ride;

Descending swift within the willing earth
To glittering wealth her secret skill gives birth,
Starts forth thy forests and prepares thy soil
To call from every land the tiller's toil.

Led on by Him whose counsels mark'd the
time
To lift the curtain from our western clime,
His shatter'd fleet the brave Columbus steers
Where o'er the surge the promised world appears.

When shook the Papacy, when trembled hell
As spread the day which burst from Luther's
cell,
Expell'd by tyrants, the lone pilgrim sail,
Wet with the wave, and riven in the gale,
Bears exiled *Faith* to wild New England's shore,
Where Indians lurk and wint'ry tempests roar.

Behold, an empire built by prayer and tears,
Far thro' the gloom its stately structure rears,
And savage hate and British force in vain
Unite to strew its fragments o'er the plain!

From the firm rock its airy summits rise,
And Heav'n's own sunshine gilds again the
skies.

Anointed priests in crimson garments dress'd,
With martyr-courage glowing in each breast,
Kneel at its shrine, and round its altars stand
Whose quenchless flames shall brighten ev'ry
land.

High, streaming o'er its dome, the eye be-
holds

An eagle-banner wave its starry folds.
O'er each wide ocean joyful anthems roll,
Borne on exulting breezes to each pole,
Till wak'd to hope the suffering nations pour
Their living streams to Freedom's blissful shore.

Say, who shall stay the tide? say, who shall
dare

Drive back the rushing millions to despair?
With cheerful accents, confident in God,
I hear Faith's angel-welcome peal abroad.
"Come on," she cries, "Ye weary races flee,
Burst from the tyrant's chain and here be free;

Here wing'd by me your kindred's prayers have
 flown,

Till Heav'n has smiled, and called the land her
 own :

Their arms, their counsels mingled in the plan,
 When Freedom flash'd her glory over man.

By wisdom temper'd, and each lust controll'd,
 Come till our fields, come share our priceless
 gold ;

Learn Freedom's lessons where her fountains pour
 Rivers of life round every happy door,
 And taught by me, each longing, deathless mind
 The nobler Freedom of the cross shall find."

Rous'd by her call the startled nations run,
 From climes they rush scorch'd by a torrid sun,
 From icy shores where polar tempests sweep,
 From flowery isles where tranquil shadows sleep,
 From where huge altars blush with human gore,
 From lands where Science reigns, and Art may
 soar,

From hut and palace, of each tongue and hue,
 Pagan, Infidel, Romanist, and Jew,

While from the mass Faith's bright, prophetic eyes
Behold a race of noblest mold arise.

Thus, thus at Pentecost the thousands came
From distant lands to catch the Spirit's flame;
In glowing breasts receive th' eternal plan,
And publish Jesus to despairing man.

Children of Faith! now tear away the veil,
Let not the heart grow faint, the brow turn pale!
Read Heav'n's decree, nor spread o'er future
time

Scenes red with gore and black with hideous
crime.

Your father's prayers are pleading still on high,
Your own may pierce the portals of the sky;
Trust, then, your God, whose sov'reign grace can
quell

Passions more fierce than burn in deepest hell;
And when the stranger shelters on your shore,
Let not the saber's flash or cannon's roar,
A jealous word, a glance of vengeance start
The slumb'ring malice of a desp'rate heart.

Nay! as his sail shall whiten o'er the sea,
And eye grow bright to think he shall be free,
With Friendship's smile, with Love's own tones
address'd,

Open your arms and clasp him to your breast;
On his sad cheek let Sorrow's tear be dried,
The Bible give him and to Jesus guide;
Thus Love shall gain his heart, thus Love shall
glow,
Till Earth's great Sabbath dawns o'er all below.

Parent of joy! of Grace the happy child,
Ev'n Heav'n, O Love, without thy beam ne'er
smiled;
Angels to angels link'd and to the throne,
Thro' endless years thy blissful sway shall own.

The great Napoleon on his weary rock,
Hush'd now the victor's shout and battle's shock,
A captive now to narrow bounds confined,
No schemes of conquest glowing in his mind,
As Meditation o'er life's evening threw
A Wisdom fierce Ambition never knew,

His error saw—saw Force with tyrant sway
Might briefly make reluctant man obey;
But only Love's omnipotent control
Could found a lasting empire in the soul.

Triumphant Love! not on the whirlwind's wing
High o'er admiring earth I see thee spring,
Beat down the mountains with resistless force,
While angry thunders play along thy course.
Th' earthquake's shock, th' impatient lightnings
hurl'd

To dart their fiery terrors o'er a world,
The war of elements can never start
One kindred feeling in thy gentle heart.
Blood and battle, strife and the fierce debate
May fan to flames the fires of burning hate—
These tear thy breast, these drive thee from the
earth,

To seek the purer climes that gave thee birth.
The hand's soft pressure and the kind relief
That brings contentment to the home of grief,
The melting glance, the sympathetic voice
That can in Jesus bid the heart rejoice,

These are thy arms—with these thy empire
spreads,
And over earth its soften'd splendor sheds.

Immortal Love! thro' every age and clime,
Till quench'd in night expires the lamp of time,
Impell'd by thee to my exultant eyes
Rank after glowing rank thy children rise.
The martyr's flame, the tyrant's bloody chain,
Unite to check their onward steps in vain;
They climb the mountain, shelter in the vale,
O'er boundless oceans fly with fearless sail,
Fierce tropic heats and polar storms and snows,
Disease and Death, powerless, their march oppose;
On like the sun, thy chariot *on* they roll,
Till bursts millennial glory o'er the soul.

Notes.

PART I.

PAGE 10.—Electricity is supposed to be identical with light, magnetism, and galvanism. Perhaps it is the cause of chemical affinity and gravitation, as well as the connecting principle of matter and mind; nay! some believe it the great pervading and-controlling element of the universe.

PAGE 18 —This description of the effect of infidelity was suggested by a person known to the author from early boyhood.

PAGE 20.—Fletcher is the only author I have read, who advances the idea that the angels, as well as Adam, fell from want of Faith.

PAGE 21.—Many wise and holy men think our race has gained more in Christ than it has lost in Adam.

PAGE 23.—I trust I will not be charged with unwarrantable liberty in intimating, that Moses in the rock caught a glimpse of Christ's incarnation and sacrificial death.

PAGE 28, &c.—I may be accused of want of originality in illustrating unbelief, and its remedy, by reference to the

history of the Jews, the rejection of Christ, and the baptism of Pentecost. But why refuse a stronger for a weaker proof? Why be ashamed to draw streams of truth from the divine fountains, to verify and fertilize a theme?

PART II.

PAGE 41.—That Faith is the parent of the graces, is familiar to every reader of the Gospels.

PAGE 42.—Does not the belief of the savage in an all-ruling Spirit, and a hereafter, influence his life more than we imagine?

PAGE 43.—There is a vast difference in the faith of the Barbarian and the Philosopher. The one sees God in external forms, the other in wise laws. In the one, Fancy predominates, in the other, Reason.

PAGE 44 —That Justice, as well as Love, is manifested both by Nature and Revelation, is so palpable, that a denial of the fact is no small proof of the mental and moral disorder of our race.

PAGE 45.—Richard Watson says, that the very countenance of the heathen expresses his views of the Deity.

PAGE 52.—The distinguishing excellence of the Gospel is, that it provides for the pardon of sin, and the sanctification of the heart, attested by the Holy Ghost, issuing in Love as the principle of obedience, and fruitfulness in all good

works, thus constituting a preparation for the holiness of an eternal heaven. Where else is such a remedy?

PAGE 58.—Under the reign of grace, Affliction is, to every believer, a Mercy, Death a friend, Eternity a joy.

PAGE 63.—That the prayer of Faith moves the heart and arm of God, is every-where taught in the Bible. The mystery, who can explain? The successful intercessions of the mother and wife, will excite incredulity in no Christian breast.

PAGE 67.—Do not the divine oracles expressly say, “the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin?”

PAGE 67.—Consider the Christian’s exaltation! He is not only freed from guilt and pollution, but made a Temple of Godhead.

PAGE 69.—Innumerable witnesses might be summoned from the pious families of the land, to testify that they have witnessed triumphs over death similar to that here described.

PART III.

PAGE 75.—The desire and expectation of a happier and nobler condition for man seems universal. Where the provision to satisfy it but in the promises of God’s Word? Deprived of this, there *must* be in the soul an eternal hunger and an eternal thirst.

PAGE 77.—The creed of modern Infidelity is nearly this—man came from a tadpole, and goes to a worm.

PAGE 78.—The imagery in these stanzas is from the Bible. The murder of Abel, the building of Babel, the sway of Nimrod, are instances of wickedness known to every child. The Lion, eagle-winged, represents the Babylonish empire, the Bear the Persian, the nameless beast the Roman, the Horn the Papacy. The Pride, Envy, Avarice, alluded to, refer of course to the case of Ananias and Sapphira, and the murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, for the neglect of their widows in the ministrations of charity. To what historical events the imagery taken from the Revelation relates, is not understood. Its design seems to be, generally, to describe the stupendous obstacles in the way of the Gospel. Compared with the force, the boldness, the originality, the sublimity of the Apocalypse, how tame are all human compositions!

PAGE 82.—Let it be forever understood, that Faith relies for the salvation of our race, not on what has been achieved, not on what is now accomplishing, not on any mere human probabilities, but simply on the *Word of God*.

PAGE 84.—Peter, in his sermons, chiefly charges the Jews with the rejection of their Messiah. Doubtless the Law must constantly be preached, yet do we not sometimes overlook the fact, that want of faith in Christ is the sum and source of all sins?

PAGE 85, &c.—Paul, Luther, Wesley, with many of the Reformers, passed through the same distinct process of fearful bondage to the law, and joyful deliverance in Christ. The struggles and triumphs of the great apostle are delineated in Romans, vii and viii, with inspired vividness. Luther abandoned friends and prospects—shut himself up in the convent of Erfurth, fasted himself to a skeleton, subjected himself to the most humiliating indignities, and he found—peace and life? No! Despair and death. Staupitz points him to Jesus. As he climbs Pilate's staircase, a voice from heaven more clearly reveals the way of faith. He simply believes in Christ, and becomes a tower of strength, gilded with the sunshine of God. Wesley preached for years under the shadow of Sinai, a slave to the Law, without Gospel joy, or power. A storm shows him the sting in his soul. But now, while listening to the preface of Luther, on the Romans, the sweet peace of Jesus softly flows into his heart. From that hour he is a flame of fire. God's seal is on his soul. He becomes a chosen instrument in a spiritual revolution which bids fair to usher in the millennial morn.

PAGE 88.—The following testimony of Chalmers is convincing and remarkable. He says, "I can not here but record the effect of an actual, but undesigned experiment, I prosecuted for some years among you. For the greater part of that time I could expatiate on the meanness of dishonesty, on the villainy of falsehood, on the despicable arts of cal-

umny—in a word, upon all those deformities of character which awaken the natural indignation of the human heart against the pests and disturbers of human society. But I am not sensible that all the vehemence with which I urged the proprieties of social life, had the weight of a feather, on the moral habits of my parishioners. And it was not till I got impressed with the alienation of the heart in all its desires and affections from God, it was not till reconciliation to Him became the distinct and prominent object of my ministerial exertions, it was not till I took the Scriptural way of laying the method of reconciliation before them, it was not till the free offer of forgiveness, through the blood of Christ, was urged upon their acceptance, and the Holy Spirit given through the channel of Christ's mediatorship, to all who ask him, was set before them as the unceasing object of their dependence and prayers, that I ever heard of those subordinate reformatations which I aforetime made the earnest and zealous, but I am afraid, at the same time, the ultimate end of my earlier ministrations." See Vol. iv, p. 205, of Chalmers's works.

PAGE 89.—Brainard's experience of the power of Christ over rude hearts, is of golden value. Speaking of a remarkable work of grace among the Indians at Crossweeksung, New Jersey, A. D. 1745, he says: "I can not but take notice that I have, in general, ever since my first coming among the Indians in New Jersey, been favored with that assistance

which is to me remarkable, in preaching 'Christ crucified,' and making him the center and mark to which all my discourses among them were directed." Alluding to the peculiar doctrines of the cross, he remarks, "When these truths were felt at heart, there was now no vice unreformed, no external duty neglected." See Life of Brainard, Evangelical Family Library, pp. 261-266.

PAGE 90.—All are acquainted with the utter failure of the Moravians to teach the Greenlanders human knowledge, till the cross was presented.

PAGE 94.—The young missionary here alluded to was a rare instance of joyful consecration. May his labors people heaven, swell the songs of the redeemed, shed a glory over eternity!

PAGE 96.—Who, in modern times, has endured so much for Christ's sake as Judson! How apostolic his spirit and practice! He did not sink the preacher into the teacher, or substitute the school for the pulpit. He went from jungle to jungle, and village to village, preaching Christ. What was the result? Scores of souls were converted, Churches were formed, ministers raised up. And the fruit remains. Three thousand persons have been baptized this year in Burmah. Yet some of the most celebrated mission schools, with all their vast, and expensive, and imposing machinery, scarcely exhibit one convert for a hundred pupils, and, in some, nearly a score of years has passed without the salva-

tion of a single sinner. Is it not time to return to the apostolic method of itineration? It is cheering to know that a man like Dr. Wayland, who has spent his life in a college, and risen to so high a rank as an educator of youth, has become convinced of the necessity of conforming our missionary operations to the practice of the primitive Church.

PAGE 99.—Faith relies on the Divine promise. Still, she hails with delight the advancement of Science, Literature, Art, and Political knowledge. Religion expends itself neither in sentimentality, nor intellectuality, but boldly seizes every practical expedient that may secure the salvation of men.

PAGE 101.—God from the beginning seems to have designed America for the development and propagation of His religion. Her climate, soil, lakes, rivers, mountains—her unrivaled scenery, and resources of every kind, mark her as adapted to some mighty purpose. Consider her geographical position! Physically, and commercially, she commands the world. On the west, she stretches her giant arm over the Pacific, and grasps Asia. North and south, the poles are her limits. On the east, she looks over into Europe. How striking her history! Columbus makes his discovery just at the dawn of the Reformation. The United States—the heart of the continent—is settled not by Catholic Spaniards, but Protestant Englishmen. The elements of our nation were crystallizing just when the successes of Luther, the philos-

ophy of Bacon, the patriotism of Hampden, the discoveries of Newton, the genius of Shakspeare and Milton, were urging the world along that new career of life which never can be arrested. The astonishing revivals of religion under Edwards, Whitefield, and, a few years later, the followers of Wesley, baptized our nation with Gospel-fire, and burned the impressions of truth ineffaceably into the hearts and minds of our people. Our fathers were the gift of heaven. The invention of the railroad and telegraph have occurred just in time to render the government of our vast territory practicable. The struggles of temperance, education, and various moral reforms, mark our land as the battle-ground for the truth. God seems even to convert curses into blessings. Slavery may be the means of evangelizing Africa, and foreign immigration of converting the world. Yes, let the Church do its duty, let the thousands crowding to our shores be met by the Bible and the missionary, by Christian sympathy and information, and they may be brought to Christ, and sent to their father-land as the heralds of salvation. Perhaps, for this very end, God leads them to our shores. Look to some facts. A few years since, a classmate of the celebrated Straus came to this country, driven to despair by his wretched creed. He finds peace in Jesus. He proclaims salvation to the Germans. More than ten thousand of his countrymen, including two hundred ministers, have since been converted from Rationalism and Catholicism, and are

scattered through the north and west, earnest, spiritual, devoted Christians. Missionaries, too, have been sent out to Germany, and many Churches established, amid fiery persecutions, and some of their converts have even come over to swell Christ's army in our own land. A similar success has attended efforts among other classes of our foreign population. Is it then extravagant to believe that God may be intending earth's regeneration by means of these despised millions?

PAGE 106.—Napoleon, on St. Helena, is recorded to have said, in substance, as follows: "Force may subdue men, but Love alone can bind them together. No empire, but one like that of Jesus Christ, has in itself the principle of permanence." Powerful testimony for the Gospel, extorted from, perhaps, the greatest intellect that ever dazzled earth. Well for the world had he made the discovery at an earlier period of his bloody history!

THE END.





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